



" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. V. [ I. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, AUGUST 16, 1828.

No. 6.

## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

### A New Tale of Temper.

BY MRS. OPIE.

(Concluded.)

As the evening was warm and the moon shone very bright, Mrs. Sullivan and Mowbray walked home. "To what advantage Lavinia appeared this evening!" said Mowbray: "I hope you are convinced her temper is excellent now!"—"My dear George," she replied, "I never before was so convinced of the contrary!"—"Impossible! well, then, you are not the candid, kind creature I once thought you." At this moment Mrs. Sullivan missed her bracelet, the gift of Mrs. Mowbray, and declared she must go back, for, no doubt, she had dropped it on the path, as she had, she believed, seen it on her wrist when she left the house. "Let me go back alone," said Mowbray, but she would not consent to it, as she could not be easy without seeking herself for a jewel so dear to her. Accordingly they slowly returned, searching for the bracelet at every step—but they had already reached Mrs. Apsley's lawn without finding it, when they stopped at the sound of male and female voices in loud altercation. "What noise is that?" said Mrs. Sullivan. "I cannot tell," replied Mowbray, hastily, "but you had better stop here, and I will go and look for the bracelet." "No, I choose to go myself;" she replied, grasping his arm to prevent him from hastening on. By this means she ensured a continuance of their incognito, and thence she also hoped to ensure the detection of Lavinia's real disposition, for she was certain that she heard her voice the shrillest and loudest amongst them. She also heard epithets of an offensive nature applied by John to Lavinia, to which she replied in terms equally offensive, while the father tried to soothe, and the mother was sobbing hysterically. "Surely we had better go back," said Mow-

bray in a dejected tone: "we are stealing un- handsomely on their privacy."—"On, by all means," his friend replied, "for perhaps on this moment the happiness of your future life depends." So saying, she hastened forward; then, suddenly turning, she and her companion stood in front of the open French windows.

What a scene now presented itself! Mary Medway, with a countenance of wild distress, stood between John and Lavinia, trying to keep Lavinia from striking her brother, while the florid face of the former was pale, and every fine feature distorted with passion. "Hear me, Lavinia," sobbed out the mother.—"Father hear *me*," she replied, stamping with anger, "for I know you can hear very well when you choose." "Hold your taunting tongue, you abominable vixen!" cried the justly incensed father, seizing her arm as he hobbled forward; but with her elbows she pushed him from her, regardless of his lameness, and he nearly fell on the ground. At this instant the angry group turned, and beheld Mrs. Sullivan and Mowbray gazing on them in speechless and motionless surprise. In a moment the clamour was hushed—the lifted arm of Lavinia sunk by her side; and all, save the angry John and Mary Medway, fell back, consternated and ashamed. "We beg pardon," said Mrs. Sullivan, coldly, "for intruding thus unexpectedly upon you, but I have dropped a most dear bracelet."—"I think, Mrs. Sullivan," said John, with a sarcastic smile, "that you complimented us when you first honoured us with a visit on our *family harmony*. Pray what do you think of it now? There's a vixen for you," pointing to Lavinia. "The man who marries you, Miss Apsley, will have, as Benedict says, a predestinate scratched face. I must wear a wig, for such pulls of the hair as you give, are by no means pleasant." Lavinia looked as if she had a mind to reiterate the said pulls, but she only burst into tears of rage and mortification, for she saw that Mowbray's eyes were averted from her, as if with disgust, and feared that she could never regain his good opinion. But her mother, by

a white lie, tried to exculpate her in part. She said, "that though Lavinia was rather hasty, she had a fine temper, and that John was monstrously provoking, always defending Mary Medway, and setting her up as a paragon." "And so she is," vociferated John; "when did you ever see her in a passion? and when taunted and tyrannized over, does she ever reply?" His mother spoke not, for the unexpected truth filled her with consternation.—"And now," continued he, "when the poor thing has been acting a child's part by her dying nurse, and is tired to death, it was cruel in Lavinia to abuse her as she did for tearing her gown."—"I did not abuse, I only said she was awkward," replied Lavinia, sobbing. "And why did you say that, when you know she had offered to sit up all night to mend it?" "Dear John, pray say no more," said Mary, gently. "But I will speak, I will not sit tamely by and see you insulted, Mary—you, who never speak a harsh word yourself." "You forget who are present," she answered in a low voice. "No, I do not; I love the *truth*, and hate *disguise*. I should not like to be imposed upon myself," he added, looking with great meaning at Mowbray.

"I have found the bracelet!" exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan, joyfully, who, with one of the younger girls, had been looking for it all this time, but listening carefully to every word that passed; then, with renewed apologies, she shook Mary kindly by the hand, slightly bowed to the rest, and taking the arm of the confused and bewildered Mowbray, led him in silence away. In silence too he continued to walk, but deep-drawn sighs declared only too plainly the mortification and disappointment which he experienced. Mrs. Sullivan was too wise to make any comments. Had she made any severe remarks on Lavinia's conduct, it would have provoked Mowbray to defend her; and for her to say any thing in palliation of it was impossible. "Will you not walk in?" said she to Mowbray, when they reached the door; but he refused, and went home to a sleepless and wretched pillow. "Poor fellow!" thought Mrs. Sullivan, "he will not sleep to-night: but the wakeful misery of this night will, I trust, prevent that of many future ones; for happy, indeed, is that man, who, at whatever cost of present peace, escapes the wretchedness of being linked to a woman who possesses no control over her temper!"

The next morning, but not early, Mowbray called on Mrs. Sullivan, who delicately forbore to speak to him concerning the events of the preceding evening, anxiously expecting, however, that he would name it to her. Nor was she disappointed. After making a considerable effort, he complimented her on her superior penetration into character, owned that he was now convinced that Miss Apsley was not a woman with whom he could be happy, and thanked her heartily for having prevailed on

him to defer his intended proposals. "Then you are resolved not to proceed in your addresses?"—"To be sure; could you doubt what my resolve would be?"—"I could not tell, but I rejoice to find you so reasonable: but what will you do? gradually, or at once discontinue your visits?"—"I mean to go *abroad*. Vixen and actress as she is, (for I am sure you think as I now do, that her filial attentions are assumed,) she is too handsome and too charming for me to trust myself near her as yet; therefore I mean to set off directly."—"A wise determination, indeed; and I shall be disinterested enough to rejoice in an absence which is so much for your good. Poor Mary Medway! what a life that sweet amiable girl must lead!" "Pray, pray do not name her to me. She was the cause of all this misery."—"This happiness, you mean, ungrateful man! and you have reason to bless her."—"May be so; but my associations with her name are at present disagreeable ones. Farewell! my dear friend. When we meet again I trust that I shall have come to my senses. Till then all good be with you!"—"Shall you not call to take leave of the Apsleys?" "Yes, for I saw them all drive out just now, so I shall, for form's sake, leave my card.—Once more farewell!"

Like all men and women in love, Mowbray found that distance and absence from the object of attachment does not at first weaken its power—and he was often on the point of coming back to England, in the hope that Lavinia returned his passion sufficiently to be induced to conquer her temper, now that she must be convinced the indulgence of it had lost her a lover whom she prized. But then he fortunately recollected, that the habit of giving way to it, was a habit of much longer standing than that of caring for him, and that when he was her husband, the restraint would doubtless be again thrown off. The result of these cogitations was salutary—for it kept him abroad. In the mean while, Mrs. Sullivan had some difficulty in breaking off her intercourse with the Apsleys, whom she had made acquaintance with only from necessity and whom she now wished to drop from inclination. They were not willing to give up her society, though Lavinia evidently never was at ease in her presence, because they still hoped to receive Mowbray as a guest again; but as he did not return and Mrs. Sullivan never accepted their invitations, they quitted their house when their short lease of it expired, and went to another part of the kingdom. Mrs. Sullivan would fain have become more acquainted, had it been possible, with Mary Medway; but this she could not do without passing an obvious affront on the Apsleys; and when that family left the village she regretted her inability to take a particular leave of her. It was, therefore, an agreeable surprise to her, to meet Miss Medway, not long after, in one of her evening walks. The poor thing was even worse dressed than usual,



looked dejected, and had a vial of physic in her hand. She did not seem desirous of being known by Mrs. Sullivan; but that lady impulsively stopped her, and expressing her joyful surprise at seeing her, requested to know whether she had left Mr. Apsley's family.

She owned, with blushes and confusion, that she had done so, and was living at the cottage of her old nurse, who was, she feared, dying.—“But when she is dead, or better, you return to them, I conclude?”—“No—never—I can never return to them,” was the agitated answer. “I am going home; will you accompany me?” said Mrs. Sullivan, kindly. “Not now; I must hasten back with this medicine.”—“But may I accompany you?—I pique myself on my medical knowledge.”—“But the cottage is such a poor place for you.”—“Yet you inhabit it; and to enter it may be salutary to me.” Mary, seeing Mrs. Sullivan was determined, led the way. The cottage was indeed, the abode of poverty, but of neatness, almost approaching to comfort; and her visit to it was the means of great enjoyment to Mrs. Sullivan, for she saw there suffering and want, which she had the means of alleviating and removing; and she had the pleasure of hearing from the lips of the dying woman, such a character of her youthful nurse, such an account of the self-denial and self sacrifice of her dear young lady and child, as she called her, as more than justified the early impression which she had received in her favour.

To be brief, the poor woman died; and Mary Medway as she threw herself into Mrs. Sullivan's arms when she came to her on hearing of her loss, exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart, “Now then, I am indeed alone in the world!”—“And so am I nearly, as my adopted son is abroad!” was the kind reply: “therefore what can two lonely persons better do, than live together, at least for a time?” The heart of the poor orphan gave ready assent to this proposal—“but,” she replied, “you do not yet know why I was forced to leave the Apsleys.”—“Nor will I, till you are my guest, for I wish to convince you that I confide in you, and do not believe that you left them for any unworthy reason.” Mary, however, insisted on being allowed to tell her story very soon after she became Mrs. Sullivan's companion.

She informed her new friend, that on finding John Apsley was seriously attached to her, and had offered her marriage, his parents had made her quit the house at a moment's warning; and that she had taken refuge at her nurse's. That she had vainly declared no power on earth would ever induce her to marry him—that they had disregarded her assurances, and had all of them, John excepted, sent her forth with great indignity. “No—I refused to see him; I should have done so, I trust, on principle, even if I had returned his love.”—“And did you not?” “No—I esteem him because

he has good qualities, and was always kind to me—but I could not love him—and when I had an opportunity of contrasting him with other men—that is, I mean, with another man,” she added, deeply blushing, “I felt I never could love him under any circumstances.” “I own, my adopted son, if you mean him,” said Mrs. Sullivan, “is very superior to John Apsley.” “He is indeed!” answered Mary, “and I pity poor Lavinia, but perhaps he may one day return, and marry her.”—“Never—never!” was the energetic reply. “Oh! I am so glad,” exclaimed the artless girl—“for his sake, I mean.” Mary Medway had very little fortune remaining when her father's debts had been paid, and the greater part of the income of it she had allowed to her bed-ridden nurse; what she retained of it, was just sufficient to keep her in clothes during her abode with the Apsleys:—she earned her board and lodging while there, by teaching the younger girls French, and flower-painting. “You shall earn both with me also,” said Mrs. Sullivan, on hearing these details. “I will not allow you to be idle. You shall spare my eyes by reading to me: you shall write my business letters and keep my accounts. Do you consent to live with me on such terms?”—“Oh! most willingly,” was the delighted answer. This arrangement was productive of mutual comfort and benefit. Mrs. Sullivan soon found that Mary united to unruffled sweetness of temper, and a total forgetfulness of self in little as well as in great things, considerable powers of mind, and feminine accomplishments. She also discovered that her voice was not inferior to Miss Apsley's, but she had not been well taught; therefore as Mrs. Sullivan understood singing, although she has ceased to sing, she took great pleasure in instructing her, and was rewarded by her evident progress.

When the Apsleys heard where Mary now resided, they wrote most kindly to her, requesting her to return to them; informing her at the same time, that John was gone into business in Liverpool. But Mrs. Sullivan declared that she could not part with her: and Mary was very glad to stay where she was. After a six months' absence, during which Mrs. Sullivan had informed him that she had procured the most amiable and intellectual of companions. Mowbray returned, quite cured of his passion; and his friend welcomed him with the greatest joy. Mrs. Sullivan was walking on the lawn before her house when he arrived; and, after taking two or three turns together, they went in. The door of the inner apartment was open; and Mary, unconscious that any one heard her, was singing in her best manner. Mowbray stopped, and listened in delightful surprise. “Who is this charming singer?” whispered he, when she ceased. “My companion—shall I introduce you?” “By all means”—and, to his astonishment, he beheld that dowdy girl, Mary Med-

way. But he could think her so no longer. Health bloomed on her round cheek and her dark eye sparkled with happiness! And she could sing too, as well as Lavinia! Surely then, it was jealousy that led the Apsleys to conceal their knowledge of her musical powers! Another proof, how fortunate he had been in escaping from Lavinia's chains. And Mary was the original cause of that escape. Now, then, though not before, he felt that he could be "grateful to her; and his *associations with her name* ceased to be *disagreeable*. Mrs. Sullivan informed him, during the course of the day, while Mary was out of the room, that she had, though with some difficulty, drawn from her companion such accounts of Lavinia's bad temper, and of the daily domestic bickerings of the family, in spite of their seeming affection before company, as had filled her with abundant thankfulness to heaven for his escape.

It was not long before Mowbray began to think, as Mrs. Sullivan had hoped he might do, that Mary Medway must make a good wife. He also fancied it must be an advantage to marry this young and tender hearted being, who had none but distant relations; and who, if he could gain her heart, would love him not only ardently, but exclusively. In short, with the entire approbation of his maternal friend, he wooed her interesting companion; and made her, after a short courtship, his wife. "I wonder which of you will govern," said Mrs. Sullivan, smiling, while they were eating their wedding breakfast with her. "Not I," said Mary, "for to obey will ever be my pleasure." "Still," replied Mowbray, "I suspect that to govern should be your right, as I doubt not your will is a more submitted one than mine; and (as our dear Mrs. Sullivan has often said) those only are fit to govern others, who have proved on all occasions, that they are capable of governing themselves."

#### FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

#### Duelling.

"Stay, mortal stay! nor heedless thus,  
Thy sure destruction seal."

There are some subjects to which no pen can do justice; pictures in nature, at which the pencil of the painter revolts, and the heart shrinks from the ability to sketch them in their true image. There are also evils which no one can display in all their awful and soul-chilling aspects;—and the curse of Duelling is certainly one. We may look on both sides of the course of the duellist:—the dark side and the bright;—but both views are melancholy and abhorrent to pure and holy feelings. In order to show this, we will proceed to an examination of the subject, and leave it to the candid and impartial reader to decide upon the justness of our conclusion.

Like the gambler, the duellist has no heart. He dares death to the face, and rushes into the presence of his God, with his spirit unanointed

by grace, and stained by vindictive anger, and unholy passions. It is only necessary to look at the motives which influence him, and form our opinions. It cannot be denied that the chief incentive of this false system of honour is REVENGE. But what happiness can be derived from success? This is the bright side of the picture of which we have just spoken; and its light glimmers for a moment above the troubled waves of his spirit, like the phosphorescent light upon the heaving billows of a tumultuous ocean; and if not absorbed in that gloom of mind, and that hatred of life, which follows success in the murder of a fellow, it is forever shut up by the doors of the shadow of death, while the spirit reaps in the unseen world the reward of blood and the recompense of "deeds done in the body." Honour may next be assigned as a reason for engaging in pernicious and "fashionable crime;" but how much more noble it is to forgive an injury, than to bear through a dark and bitter life, the gall and wormwood of a murderer's conscience, or, what is still more appalling, fall a victim to the skill of an antagonist, and while the angry blood is burning on the cheek, to be folded in the icy embrace of death—to pass that barrier which is never withdrawn, and to be called to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." FALSE HONOUR is the creed which actuates the duellist. In his rash moments, he thinks not that forgiveness is the true honour and the true revenge, and that placed in the scale of moral rectitude, it would as much outweigh all other considerations, as would a mountain a grain of sand. But the man who kills his fellow, finds, when it is too late, that he has had poor revenge, and has sacrificed the peace of his heart forever at the shrine of false honour.

What is honour in the grave? It disturbs not the revel of the worm upon the mouldering bosom—it awakens not in the decaying breast one thrill of anguish. The slumber of the sleeper is undisturbed,—his dreamless rest is not aroused by the voice of a repentant antagonist.—He may pour his sorrowful complaint to the night-winds which moan about the sepulchre—he may hang his sword upon the willow which overspreads the tomb, and curse his folly,—but ah! how vain is his grief! how unnoticed are his tears!

But it is when we approach the family of a duellist, whether it be one who has survived or not, it is the same melancholy picture. Has he been successful?—and killed his brother man—look at his home! his horror drives from him the endearments of the domestic circle—the prattle of his children affords him no joy—the blandishments of his wife are unfelt! Is the duellist killed—turn to his destitute family!—left to stem the rude torrent of fortune and to buffet the surges of affliction without a father's counsel, or a husband's superintendence.



Here language is impotent to clothe the subject in its real horror. It is only those who have seen the widow and orphans of such a man bending with anguish over his bier, and overwhelmed with the deepest sorrow at his untimely end, that can tell. How does the mother and the wife look back to the days that have departed never to return,—to the days of their love—to the birth days of the pledges of their mutual affection. Alas the promise of her spring of life has departed forever—the flowers of her path are withered—the sunny hours of reciprocal passion are forever gone—and like an estranged and benighted mariner upon a boisterous ocean, she is left to the changes and chances of life. From the scenes of her childhood and youth, when the sky of her existence was bright and cloudless, she turns to the dismal and lonely scenes darkly scattered in her future pathway, where the storm is lowering, and the tempest is bursting in all its fury. Her children come around and gaze upon him with swelling hearts—they recollect the affection of their father, when they climbed his knee in youth, and received a parent's kiss upon a tender cheek. *Now* his smile has gone forever—the semblance of his face lingers but faintly, in their recollection, and is dimly impressed upon their remembrance.

Who can look at these things and not say,—*Thou man of false honour,—turn from thy course of darkness—from thy path of death—awake to the pleasures of society,—to the nobler impulse of generous forgiveness—and to the fascinating smiles of thy affectionate wife, and thy lovely children!* W. D. K. C.

## THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee  
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

### New Orleans.

"It is certainly mournful for a traveller to dwell among the monuments of Pompeii, of Herculaneum, and of Rome. There, if he feels at all, he feels among these wrecks of past grandeur, that he is nothing. A totally different sensation possesses the mind on entering an American city. In these, man beholds what he can contend with, and what he can accomplish, when his strength is not checked by the arbitrary will of a despot. New Orleans, the wet-grave, where the hopes of thousands are buried, for eighty years the wretched asylum for the outcasts of France and Spain, who could not venture one hundred paces beyond its gates without utterly sinking to the breast, or being attacked by alligators, has become in the space of twenty-three years one of the most beautiful cities of the Union, inhabited by 40,000 persons who trade with half the world. The view is splendid beyond description, when you pass down the stream, which is here a mile broad, rolls its immense

volume of waters in a bed above 200 feet deep and as if conscious of its strength appears to look quietly on the bustle of the habitations of man. Both its banks are lined with charming sugar plantations, from the midst of which rises the airy mansion of the wealthy planter surrounded with orange, banana, lime, and fig trees, the growth of a climate approaching to the torrid zone. In the rear you discover the cabins of the negroes and the sugar houses, and just at the entrance of the port, groups of smaller houses as if erected for the purpose of concealing the prospect of the town. As soon as the steam boats pass these outposts, New Orleans, in the form of a half moon, appears in all its splendour—the river runs for a distance of four or five miles in a southern direction; here it suddenly takes an eastern course which it pursues for the space of two miles, thus forming a semi-circular bend. A single glance exhibits to view the harbour, the vessels at anchor, together with the city, situated as it were at the feet of the passenger. The first object that presents itself, is the dirty and uncouth backwood's flat boat. Hams, ears of corn, apples, whiskey barrels, are strewed upon it, or affixed to poles to direct the attention of the buyers. Close by, are the rather more decent keel boats, with cotton, firs, whiskey and flour. Next the elegant steam boat, which by its hissing and repeated sounds, announces either its arrival or departure, and sends forth immense columns of black smoke that forms into long clouds above the city. Farther on, are the smaller merchant vessels, the sloops and schooners from the Havanna, Vera Cruz, Tampico; then the brigs; and lastly, the elegant ships appearing like a forest of masts."

Considered in a commercial point of view, the situation of New Orleans is, perhaps without a rival on the face of the globe. Although 109 miles from the sea, its position is peculiarly favourable for an immense, and indeed, unparalleled trade, which in due course of time it will most probably enjoy.

"Standing on the extreme point of the longest river in the world, New Orleans commands all the commerce of the immense territory of the Mississippi, being the staple pointed out by nature for the countries watered by this stream, or by its tributaries—a territory exceeding a million of square miles. You may travel in a steam boat of 300 tons and upwards for an extent of 1000 miles from New Orleans up the Red River; 1500 miles up the Arkansas river; 3000 miles up the Missouri and its branches 1769 miles up the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony; the same distance from New Orleans up the Illinois; 1200 miles to the north east from New Orleans on the Big Wabash; 1300 on the Tennessee; 1300 on the Cumberland, and 2300 miles on the Ohio up to Pittsburg. Thus New Orleans has in its rear this immense territory with a river 4200 miles long (including the Missouri) besides the

water communication which is about to be completed between New York and the River Ohio. The coast of Mexico, the West India Islands, and the half of America to the south, the rest of America on its left, and the continent of Europe beyond the Atlantic."

It is only necessary to cast one's eyes over the map, to perceive that this magnificent picture is by no means exaggerated. But we suspect that as much cannot be said—at least not as yet—for the golden visions which follow. "The wealth," adds our author, "accruing to the country and to the city from this commerce is out of proportion with the number of inhabitants. There are many families who, in the course of a few years, have accumulated a property, (properties,) yielding an income of 50,000 dollars, and 25,000 dollars is the usual income of respectable planters. *No other filice offers such chances for making a fortune in so easy a way.* Plantations and commerce, if properly attended to, are the surest means of succeeding in the favourite object of man's great pursuit—'money making.'"

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

*Anecdote*—A soldier of General Marion's Brigade, named Levingstone, an Irishman by birth, meeting with an armed party on a night profoundly dark, suddenly found a horseman's pistol applied to his breast, and heard the imperious command—"Declare, instantaneously to what party you belong, or you are a dead man." The situation being such as to render it highly probable that it might be an enemy's party, he very calmly replied, "I think, Sir, it would be a little more in the way of civility if you were to drop a hint, just to let me know which side of the question *you* are pleased to favour." "No jesting," replied the speaker, "declare your principles, or die." "Then, by—," rejoined Levingstone, "I will not die with a lie in my mouth. American, to extremity, you spalpeen, so do your worst, and be damn'd to you." "You are an honest fellow," said the inquirer, "we are friends, and I rejoice to meet a man faithful as you are to the cause of our country."

*Sagacity of a negro boy.*—Philip Thickness tells the following amusing story of a little negro boy in the West Indies. His master, finding him a child of good parts, often conversed familiarly with him; but whenever he committed a fault, gave him a note to carry to the overseer of the plantation, in which he directed that he should be whipt. The boy perceived the constant and unpleasant consequence of carrying a bit of paper to the overseer, took a favorable occasion to question his master about it, asked him why at such times, and such only, the overseer should beat him

with so much severity? The master informed him, that the paper *talked so and so* to the overseer, because he was idle, and neglected to work. "Why, massa," said the boy, "I never see you work." "Not with my hands, 'tis true," replied the master; "but I work with my head, which is much greater labour than yours." The next time the boy was sent with a note to the overseer, he threw it away; and on his master inquiring of him what the other had said, "nothing at all," rejoined the boy; "I did not go to him, having at this time worked with my head too."

It is the custom, in catholic countries, to shave monks gratis, on their making application in the name of the Father. A mendicant friar entered a barber's shop, and crossing himself said, "Shave me for God's sake!" Strap, to be even with him for the unprofitable job he had brought him, selected a razor like a saw, lathered him with cold water, and began to *scrape* the priest's face, till the tears streamed down his cheeks. During this painful operation, a cur in the street set up a most piteous yell. "What's the matter with the dog?" exclaimed the barber; "I wonder what they are doing to him?" "Shaving him for God's sake, I suppose," said the friar, with a groan.

*An Obedient Wife*—A butcher who lay upon his death bed, said to his wife, "My dear I am not a man for this world, therefore I advise you to marry our man John, as he is a strong lusty fellow, fit for your business." "O dear husband," said she, "never let that trouble you, for John and I have agreed upon that matter already."

When Paddy Blake heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the Lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty different times; he very promptly replied, "Poh, faith, that's nothing at all, at all, to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway. There your honor, if you were to say *how do you do Paddy Blake?* It would answer, *very well I thank you sir.*"

Themistocles had a son, who was the darling of his mother. "This little fellow," said Themistocles, "is the sovereign of all Greece." "How so," said a friend. "Why, he governs his mother, his mother governs me, I govern the Athenians, and the Athenians govern all Greece."

A Farmer who had a lawsuit depending at court, came to visit his judge, and presented him with a quart of milk. The next day his adversary came also to the judge and gave him a pig.—"Where is my milk?" cried the farmer, bewailing the loss of his suit.—"Friend," replied the judge, "the pig of your adversary drank it all up."



**RURAL REPOSITORY.**

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1828.

*The American Common-Place Book.*—This is the title of a neat and interesting volume, recently published by Mr. S. G. Goodrich of Boston, containing extracts from the writings of the best American authors. They are selected with taste and judgment, and will enable those, who have been in the habit of decrying every thing American, to form a truer estimate of the literature of our country.

*Salathiel.*—The Rev. Mr. Croly is the author of this work—The story is founded on the popular tradition of the “wandering Jew,” who smote our Saviour and was doomed by him to wander upon the face of the earth, a miserable outcast, divested of even the hope of death, the last hope and refuge of the wretched, until his second coming. Though the love of life, so strongly implanted in the bosom of man by his great Creator, generally leads him, to cling to it with the greatest intensity, through all the trying vicissitudes incident to this mortal state; yet we can imagine instances of human suffering in which the presence of the grim messenger must be hailed with joy;—when time has swept from the grasp of man all that he once most fondly loved—all who could sympathize in his joys and in his sorrows, and he is left as the scathed oak of the forest, when its companions are felled to the earth, solitary and alone.

How pathetically are the feelings of such an one portrayed in the “Magician’s Visitor,” a tale written by the highly gifted, but unfortunate Henry Neale, who fell (as is but too often the lot of genius) a victim to the brilliancy and fervour of his imagination. Cornelius Agrippa, a master of the occult sciences in the city of Florence, is thus addressed by his mysterious visitor (who turns out in the sequel to be the wandering Jew) in answer to the declaration that he had spent long years in painful and unprofitable study—“‘Talkest thou of long years?’ echoed the stranger, and a melancholy smile played over his features; ‘thou, who hast scarcely seen fourscore since thou left’st thy cradle, and for whom the quiet grave, is now waiting, eager to clasp thee in her sheltering arms! I was among the tombs to-day—the still and solemn tombs; I saw them smiling on the last beams of the setting sun. When I was a boy I used to wish to be like the sun; his career was so long, so bright, so glorious. But to-night I thought it was better to slumber amongst those tombs than to be like him. To-night he sank behind the hill, apparently to repose; but to-morrow he must renew his course, and run the same dull and unvaried, but toilsome and unquiet race. There is no grave for him, and the night and morning dews are the tears he sheds over his tyrannous destiny.’” Who, can imagine the horrors of such a destiny? Who would not shrink from its endurance, and exclaim with the wanderer, in the bitterness and solitude of his heart?—“‘The world is a vale of tears; but among all the tears which water that sad valley, not one is shed for me: the fountain of my own heart, too, is dried up!’” How feelingly might one so situated exclaim, in the language of the poet—

“O Death! the poor man’s dearest friend,  
The kindest and the best!  
Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest!”

From the story of “Salathiel” we have almost unconsciously wandered to that of the “Magician’s Visitor,” which though altogether improbable is not unnatural; it excites an interest not often felt in the perusal of what our reason tells us could never have truth for its basis, and displays an unusual degree of ingenuity and fertility of invention. The subject of both these fictitious being the same, must be an apology for our aberration—The truth is we have not read the production of Mr.

Croly, and therefore can only form an opinion respecting it from the judgment of others;—it is considered however by competent judges to be a meritorious and powerful work, containing numerous passages abounding in splendid imagery—some awfully sublime—others enriched with great moral beauty and pathos.

The Proprietor of the “BACHELORS’ JOURNAL” offers the following prizes:—To the writer of the best original Tale, an elegant edition of Shakespeare’s Works, bound in calf with plates. To the writer of the best Poetical effusion, a copy of Lord Byron’s Works, from the Paris press, elegantly bound. Competitors to forward their communications, prior to the 20th of Sept. next, directed to the Proprietor of the Bachelor’s Journal, (*post paid.*)

*Fire.*—Yesterday morning, (August 5th) between 1 and 2 o’clock, our village was alarmed by the cry of fire. It broke out in the dry goods store of Mr. William C. McKinstry, and before the flames could be got under they communicated with the adjoining dwelling house of Mr. J. F. Darrow, and both of the buildings were principally burnt down. It was owing to the dead calm that prevailed at the time, that the residue of the buildings on the square in front of the court house were saved. The buildings burnt were partly insured, and their moveable effects principally saved.—*G. C. Republican.*

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

The communications of Francis and Clarissa are received and will be attended too soon—also several others which we have not time to enumerate, those worthy of an insertion will appear in due season.

**MARRIED.**

At Albany, on Friday morning, the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Welch, Mr. John Patterson, to Miss Orilla S. daughter of Mr. Sherman Bosworth, all of that city.

**DIED.**

In this city, on the 2d inst. Mahala Hardick, in the 79th year of her age.

On Sunday last, Mr. James Bedell, aged 72 years.

On the 31st ult. an infant daughter of Isaac B. Gage.

On the 2d inst. Charles, son of Capt Samuel Ray, aged 5 years.

Oh death! how noiseless oft thy tread;  
Thou blight’st, unseen, the budding flower;  
Ere we suspect thy presence dread,  
It droops, it dies, beneath thy power.  
Thus sudden, sweet one, was thy doom,  
We deemed not, we so soon must part;  
But death had marked thee for the tomb,  
And sped too true his fatal dart.  
Yet bright and cloudless was thy day,  
Although but brief thy earthly span;  
And thou in love, wert called away,  
Ere sin its ravages began.

At Clermont, Emma, daughter of E. P. Livingston Esq. in the 13th year of her age.

In New Lebanon, Miss Harriet, daughter of Mr. Prentice Johnson, in the 18th year of her age.

In Canaan, Mr. John Van Ness, in the 34th year of his age.

In Chatham, Eveline Louisa, daughter of Mr. Sylvester Cady, in the 17th year of her age.

At Warren, Trumbull county, state of Ohio, William Cantine Van Ness, eldest son of the late Judge William W. Van Ness.

At Hartford, on Thursday the 24th ult. Mrs. Mary Goodwin, wife of Mr. George Goodwin, aged 69.

At Lexington, Greene co. Mr. Zadock Pratt, in the 74th year of his age, a soldier of the revolution.

In Albany, on Monday the 28th ult. Mr. Elijah Hosford, of the late firm of E. & E. Hosford, booksellers and printers, aged 48.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

### ON SEEING A PERSON DEAF & DUMB.

O, see yon poor unfortunate—neglected thing of earth,  
Whose ears are ever seal'd to sounds of misery or mirth;  
He wanders on his weary way unaided and alone,  
Compell'd to bear each bitter pang unnotic'd and unknown;

He looks upon the busy crowd, while tears are in his eyes  
As pure and meek as angels shed for mortals in the skies:  
They give an idle stare at him—then coldly turn away,  
And leave the poor unfortunate to curse his natal day!

He hears not when the thunders roll along the vaulted sky,

Nor does he hear the mountain stream, which wildly hurries by;

He hears not when the birds of song attune their strains of glee

And wildly chirp their melodies from every forest tree.

O thou! the God of heaven and earth, pray watch him from thy throne,

And teach his humbled heart to look for peace to thee alone;

And take him when the pains of life have ceased to vex his breast,

“Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

HENRY.

### TO ———.

I do not love thee—thou art not

A being where the heart might cling;

Thy changeful mind, thy wayward lot,

Thy spirit's wild imagining,

Forbid a tenderer thought of thee

Than friendship's gentle bond may claim—

Yet I could wish that bond might be

Through bright and evil days the same.

Thou art not one of those who seem

Ordained for mild affection's power;

Thou art not one to haunt the dream

Of maiden in her sleeping hour.

The frown upon thy smileless brow

Might check the young heart's first advance,

And then the eye that scowls below,

Seems mocking at affection's glance.

I know thee well—I've read thy heart—

And fearful things are written there;

And thou hast borne a weary part,

And struggled long with thy despair.

I read within thy troubled eye,

The strivings of a weary soul—

The fever and the agony

Of thoughts which may not brook control.

Thou would'st not be a slighted thing—

The wretched mask of mirth and scorn,

And visions yet around thee cling,

Which misery's hand hath not withdrawn.

Thou would'st that love might turn to thee,

And gentle voices charm thine ear,

And that thy welcoming might be,

In joy a smile—in grief a tear.

It may not be—thou art not loved,

There is no heart that beats for thee;

From love and sympathy removed

Thy life has been, and still must be.

And it is well—thou should'st not hold  
Dominion o'er one trusting heart;  
For grief has made thy bosom cold,  
And steeled it 'gainst a gentler part.

The world has not been kind to thee;  
But thou hast met, with cold disdain,  
The gentle few who sought to be  
Then sharers of thy hours of pain.  
Then fare thee well; a passing few  
Can still forgive thy changeful mood,  
And smile as if they never knew  
The blight of thy ingratitude.

## ENIGMAS.

“And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
“Despise not the value of things that are small.”

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—The word is **COWARD**;—the answers to the several lines, follow in the order in which they occur:

Co	Road	Oar	Caw	Draw
Cow	Card	Cord	Row	Crowd
War	Woad	Cod	Ward	Car
Wad	Crow	Rod		

PUZZLE II.—The word **SMILE** is the original word and answer to the Enigma.

Slime Miles Selim Lime Slim Isle Limes.

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Without my first, great Milton's seraph tongue,  
Pope's muse harmonious, Waller's plaintive song,  
Had ne'er awaked the applauses of the world,  
But to oblivion's darksome gulf been hurl'd;  
'Tis mostly clad in white, replete with oil;  
An animal resigns the beauteous spoil;  
It ever proves the lover's constant friend;  
Can waft a sigh from India to Landsend;  
By this friends sympathise, in grief allied,  
Though mountains intervene and seas divide.

Hidden in the secret bowels of the earth,  
A mineral substance to my next gives birth;  
When wrought by art, refin'd by artists' care,  
It gluts our appetite with daily fare;  
Oft it appears upon a snow-white plain  
In adverse ranks, and threatening mortal bane  
To smoking mountains, ranged in order due,  
And mangled heaps the field of action strew.  
My whole's a counterpart of this, my second,  
I form more polished and more beauteous reckoned;  
Less wont to revel in atrocious deeds,  
Nor on such sanguinary banquets feeds;  
But elegance and grace adorn its frame,  
Pearl, silver, horn and shell are each its claim;  
Its plastic powers, it oftentimes employs  
In fashioning my first for tutored boys. **BYRON.**

II.

Why is the letter A of particular benefit to a deaf woman?

☞ Person wishing to subscribe for the 5th volume, can be supplied with the previous numbers. We have now on hand two complete sets, including the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th volume, for sale. One Dollar will be given for the 2d volume at this office.

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by **WILLIAM B. STODDARD**, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office.

☞ All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.